



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

LOVED OF MY SOUL.

Attributed by some to Jehudah Halevi (born 1086), and by others to Israel Nagara (16th century).

LOVED of my soul! Father of grace!

Lead on thy servant to thy favouring sight;
He, fleetly as the hart, shall speed his pace
To bow him low before thy glorious might.
Sweet is thy love to him beyond compare,
Sweeter than honey, fairer than things fair.

Splendour of worlds! honoured, adored!

My soul is sick with pining love of thee;
My God! I pray thee, heal her: be implored;
And o'er her let thy holy sweetness be
A soothing strength to stay her yearning sore,
And joy shall be for her for evermore.

Source of all good! pity thou me!

And be thou moved for thy belovèd son.
Ah! would that I could rise aloft and see
The beauty of thy strength, thou Mighty One.
These things my soul desireth: Lord, I pray,
Grant me thy mercy; turn thee not away.

Be thou revealed, Dearest of mine!

And spread o'er me thy canopy of peace;
Lo! with thy glory all the earth shall shine,
And we shall know a joy that shall not cease.
Hasten, Belovèd, for the time is nigh,
And have compassion as in days gone by.

NINA DAVIS.